

HOW AMERICANS WORK NIGHT AND DAY TO RELIEVE PAIN

Activities of Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps Vividly Described by a Member.

Physicians and Nurses Take Their Cars to the Very Thick of Desperate Fighting.

WILLIAM R. BERRY, a Princeton graduate, has written from the field a vivid and interesting description of the work of the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance corps, which has been doing effective service with more than twenty cars for the wounded of the French army.

The American Volunteer Motor Ambulance corps was organized at the outbreak of the war by Richard Norton, son of the late Professor Charles Eliot Norton. It is supported almost entirely by American subscriptions, and prominent society and humanitarian leaders of Washington have carried on campaigns for its support.

It is composed principally of Americans, though some Englishmen who could not fight from physical disabilities also have joined it. Most of the American volunteers are college graduates.

A Day at the Front.

"The American Volunteer Motor Ambulance corps, attached to the Second French army in the north of France since October, has removed to a new basis less than six miles behind the lines," Mr. Berry writes. "An immediate result has been the establishment of single guard cars at three points directly on the line and in front of the guns.

"Perhaps I can best give you an idea of the kind of work the guard cars do by a description of my first twenty-four hours at a post less than half a mile or so behind the trenches.

"Two of us on a two stretcher, three sitters De Launey-Bellville ambulance arrived at the appointed village a little after midday. We found the doctors and stretcher bearers of two of the four regiments we were to serve installed in a one story farmhouse, the covered barnyard entrance to which was the shelter our car was to occupy while awaiting orders.

Called to the Trenches.

"At 2:30 p. m. there came a telephone order from the 'Premier Post de Secours' at the trenches for the 'Voiture Americaine' to report there immediately. Slowly we crawled through streets littered with the debris of shell shattered houses and walls, and by sentries who demanded the password at the bayonet's point. Further on a cluster of supply and ammunition trains in a country lane kept us back, but a sudden turn to the left showed a white ribbon of empty road that wound up over a high ridge before us. Innocent we looked and invited.

"We opened the throttle wide and rushed to the summit to find ourselves in full view of the German guns and trenches, while in the surface of the road we jolted over old shell marks gaped at us like manholes. Down the far side of the ridge we dropped at full speed, holding our breath. But no shells fell, and no bullets, and we inwardly congratulated ourselves as we drew up near the dug out shelters hidden in a hollow behind the French second line, where we found an orderly waiting for us beside a final sentry.

"Here the car was turned around and the stretchers shouldered, for we had reached a point beyond which the ambulance might not go, since the road, which led straight on to the German lines, was heavily barricaded at intervals of fifteen meters.

Wounded Men Waiting.

"Here we found our men, wounded but fifteen minutes before, ready for us. One had a rifle bullet through his head; the other was riddled with shrapnel. Both were in pretty bad shape, the shrapnel case especially, but as we lifted the first on to the stretcher his eyes opened, and he smiled at us, while from the distorted bundle of light blue uniform and red bandage

which was the second a weak and bloody hand crept out and closed over mine as we lifted him, and from a mouth which I could not see came the whisper, 'Les Americaines.'

"At 5 o'clock we had our second trip, which brought us back in time for dinner at the doctors' mess. At 7:30 the house trembled, and our glasses rang again as the first of a series of heavy shells fell in the village. A bugle rang out in the shadowy main square—three sharp notes, 'gardez vous'—and we knew that in every building in the village blue clad figures were scurrying into the black cellars—thousands of them.

Close to Bursting Shell.

"Boom! A sudden explosion on the other side of the town that sounded like stage cannon in 'Shenandoah,' a sudden high pitched whist with an intermittent hiss in it like a rocket with a crooked stick, and—bang!—a shell burst less than 100 yards from us with a tearing, shattering report that bowed us over our plates as though a leaden pipe had been dropped across our necks.

"And so it went for thirty minutes until the shelling ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The medicin chef gave us each an extra glass of cognac, which we gratefully swallowed in one gulp. 'Les boches on dit: "Bon soir!"' he said, laughing, and it was a pleasant thing to find oneself laughing too.

"As the church bell was tolling 11 o'clock that night a sudden light shone into our eyes, and we looked from our blankets at a sleepy orderly who stood in the stable doorway and beckoned with a ghostly forefinger.

Surgeon's Night Work.

"We shuffled down its passage and entered. One of two lanterns was smoking badly, and it was through a haze that we saw, at one end of a chamber perhaps forty feet long by ten wide, in which one had to stoop, five or six slightly wounded infantrymen asleep on the straw which covered the earthen floor; at the other end a rude operating table, from which two orderlies were lifting the cause of our journey. In a corner the surgeon was washing his red hands in a basin. That was all.

"But perhaps not quite all. 'The orderlies whispered encouragingly into ears that did not hear as they strove to quiet the rolling to and fro of the bundle of red and white bandage which was a head or bound to the stretcher the twitching arms and legs in which the broken nerves were struggling. Presently, however, they stooped, lifted and passed out under the stars. We started to follow with the accoutrements and rifle, but the surgeon dried his hands and stopped us. In silence he picked up an infant tunic, bloodstained and cut into ribbons by shrapnel and his scissors. From an inside pocket he drew a letter, creased and smeared with blood.

"'Gardez bien pour lui,' he said as he handed it to us, and just inside the envelope we could see a piece of pressed white lilac, as clean and unspotted as on the day some one who had been left behind had put it there.

"We were glad after all that one of the lanterns was smoking."

Administration Building and Infirmary, Hazelwood Sanatorium, Louisville



THIS building, with adjacent cottages, is the only place in Kentucky for the reception of any case of tuberculosis except for the Jefferson county institution, Waverly Hills Sanatorium and the little Jackson Hill Sanatorium at Paducah. White patients in all stages of the disease may here receive the essentials of treatment—namely, medical supervision, fresh air, rest and correct diet. The rates are \$12.50 per week. Any person interested in obtaining treatment here should address Dr. Oscar O. Miller, Resident Physician, Hazelwood Sanatorium, Rural Free Delivery No. 2, Louisville, Ky. The head nurse is Miss Catherine Hove of Louisville.

Prominent physicians from all sections of the state comprise the medical advisory board, of which Dr. Ap Morgan Vance is chairman. F. A. Sampson is superintendent.

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

VII.—Hon. Elihu Root On Woman's Sphere



The question of Woman Suffrage is an issue before the American people. Twelve states have adopted it, four more states vote upon it this fall and it is strongly urged that it become a platform demand of the national political parties. It is therefore the privilege and the duty of every voter to study carefully this subject. Hon. Elihu Root, in discussing this question before the Constitutional Convention of New York, recently said in part:

"I am opposed to the granting of suffrage to women, because I believe that it would be a loss to women, to all women and to every woman; and because I believe it would be an injury to the State, and to every man and every woman in the State. It would be useless to argue this if the right of suffrage were a natural right. If it were a natural right, then women should have it though the heavens fall. But if there be any one thing settled in the long discussion of this subject, it is that suffrage is not a natural right, but is simply a means of government, and the sole question to be discussed is whether government by the suffrage of men and women will be better government than by the suffrage of men alone.

Into my judgment, sir, there enters no element of the inferiority of woman. It is not that woman is inferior to man, but it is that woman is different from man; that in the distribution of powers, of capacities, of qualities, our Maker has created man adapted to the performance of certain functions in the economy of nature and society, and woman adapted to the performance of other functions.

Woman rules today by the sweet and noble influences of her character. Put woman into the arena of conflict and she abandons these great weapons which control the world, and she takes into her hands, feeble and nerveless for strife, weapons with which she is unfamiliar and which she is unable to wield. Woman in strife becomes hard, harsh, unlovable, repulsive; as far removed from that gentle creature to whom we all owe allegiance and to whom we confess submission, as the heaven is removed from the earth.

The whole science of government is the science of protecting life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In the divine distribution of powers, the duty and the right of protection rests with the male. It is so throughout nature. It is so with men, and I, for one, will never consent to part with the divine right of protecting my wife, my daughter, the women whom I love, and the women whom I respect, exercising the birthright of man, and place that high duty in the weak and nerveless hands of those designed by God to be protected rather than to engage in the stern warfare of government. In my judgment, this whole movement arises from a false conception of the duty and of the right of both men and women.

The time will never come when the line of demarcation between the functions of the two sexes will be broken down. I believe it to be false philosophy; I believe that it is an attempt to turn backward upon the line of social development, and that if the step ever be taken, we go centuries backward on the march towards a higher, a nobler and a purer civilization, which must be found not in the confusion, but in the higher differentiation of the sexes."

THE NARROW BOSPORUS.

At Its Greatest Width It Measures Only 9,838 Feet.

The Bosphorus contains few dangerous submarine rocks or shoals. The locality of these few is indicated by light-houses or buoys. The water is only slightly tinged with salt and is marvelously clear. The sands, glittering apparently near the surface, may be twenty feet below.

On a map, of whatever scale, each of those familiar straits, which cleave lands and continents asunder, seems hardly more than a silvery thread. Yet as one sails over their famous waters the opposing shores on either hand sometimes appear far away. The strait of Gibraltar, which wrests Africa from Europe, is sixteen miles wide; that of Messina, forcing its way between Italy and Sicily, is from two to twelve; that of Bonifacio, which, like a blade of steel, cuts Corsica and Sardinia apart, is seven miles in width at its most contracted point; even the Dardanelles expands from over one to four.

But the illusion as to distance created by the map is reality as to the Bosphorus. Off Buyukdereh, where it attains its largest breadth, its hemmed in waters broaden to only 9,838 feet, or about one and four-fifths miles. Between Roumel Hissar and Anadolu Hissar they shrink to one-sixth of these dimensions, or to 1,641 feet. From "Constantinople," by Edwin A. Grosvenor.

Scrawny Calves.

What makes a calf scrawny—off its feet? Germs—parasites—in the intestines. Why not free them of this trouble? If you will give the calf some B. A. Thomas' Stock Remedy in its feed, within a week you will see it brighten up and in four or five weeks you won't know the calf. Costs you but a few cents and we will refund that if it doesn't do as we say. For sale at Wedding's Drug Store, Cloverport, Ky.

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The Clerk Guaranteed It.

"A customer came into my store the other day and said to one of the clerks, 'have you anything that will cure diarrhoea?' and my clerk went and got him a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and said to him, 'if this does not cure you, I will not charge you a cent for it.' So he took it home and came back in a day or two and said he was cured," writes J. H. Berry & Co., Salt Creek, Va. Obtainable everywhere.

Quarantined.

In one of the little mountain towns of the south a Chautauqua meeting was held last summer for the first time. The fact was advertised for some distance round the town, but the older negroes especially did not understand what it was all about.

Across the front of the little hotel of the village was hung a banner bearing the one word "Chautauqua."

Up to this hotel one day drove an old negro in a one horse wagon containing a few vegetables, which he hoped to sell to the proprietor, as he had done on former occasions. But when he saw the banner with its ominous word he was seized with fright and would not go into the building or even get out of his wagon. When the proprietor appeared the old fellow inquired nervously, "What disease is you all quarantined for, boss?"—Youth's Companion.

Tossing in a Blanket.

Tossing in the blanket is a very old sport or punishment. "Blanketing" Ben Johnson called it, and in Hollinshed (1557) we find a denunciation of "jesting, plaicing, blanketing and such other filthy and dishonourable exercises." The French have a special verb, "berner," for it, "berner" being the name given to the sheet or blanket used. The verb "berner" is also used for the Moorish punishment, in which four men hold the victim by his ankles and wrists and send him as high as they can—presumably with no blanket to catch him.

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BROOK TROUT.

Science Outdoors Nature in Raising the Young Fish.

The brook trout is a nest builder, but does not belong to the group of fish which cares for its eggs and young. When the function of egg laying is completed and the nest covered with gravel the parent fish seem to feel that their whole duty has been performed, and they depart, leaving both eggs and the young when they are hatched to the care of nature, and nature, it must be confessed, is generally neglectful of her charge.

Early in autumn the mature brook trout in pairs seek the gravelly bottoms of shoals and spring runs. Here with nose and fins they hollow out a shallow basin and make it scrupulously clean. This is their nest, and over the bottom the eggs are scattered, covered with gravel, and their duty to posterity is ended.

Only a small proportion of the eggs deposited naturally are fertilized, and many of these are destroyed by spawning fishes. Most of the tiny fish

which do develop and succeed in punching a hole through the egg shell with their little tails and emerging into a watery world do so only to find quick lodgment in some larger fish.

As a foster parent the trout culturist is a greater success than Dame Nature. The latter, under the most favorable circumstances, rarely succeeds in hatching more than 10 per cent of the eggs deposited, while the former expects to develop into wiggling fishes nearly 50 per cent of the eggs obtained.

Recommends Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

"I never hesitate to recommend Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Sol Williams, merchant, Jesse, Tenn. "I sell more of it than any other preparations of like character. I have used it myself and found it gave me more relief than anything else I have ever tried for the same purpose." Obtainable everywhere.

14,398,000 TOLL OF 10 MONTHS OF WAR

	Killed.	Wounded.	Prisoners.	Total.
France	480,000	660,000	180,000	1,300,000
England	181,000	200,000	90,000	471,000
Belgium	49,000	49,000	15,000	113,000
Russia	1,250,000	1,680,000	850,000	3,780,000
Germany	1,630,000	1,880,000	490,000	4,000,000
Austria	1,610,000	1,865,000	910,000	4,385,000
Turkey	110,000	144,000	95,000	349,000
Totals	5,290,000	6,478,000	2,630,000	14,398,000

ADVICES from Paris give the above figures as losses of Europe in the great war up to May 31 as compiled by the French ministry of war. While not accepted as exact, the figures are the first official record of the war's casualties. Serbia is not included in the list.

The outstanding feature of the above computation, apart from its staggering total, is the proportion of killed to wounded. In former wars the dead and wounded have usually worked out in the ratio of one to four or five. The above table shows a ratio of five to six.